

The GENTLEWOMAN

THE HOME

R D 9 35 H 2 C 37
E M MERRROW
BOX 192
CONWAY N HAMPS



Vol. 64 No. 9

5 CENTS PER COPY
10 CENTS IN CANADA

September, 1935



© Publishers' Photo Service

Fighting Spirit

"My daughter will marry a man with money"—so said
old Ike Walland—and how could love win
against such an argument?

By

LAWRENCE WASHINGTON RAKES

IT was one of those cool September Sunday mornings of western Washington when the sun shone dimly through the smoke-hazed sky. Ralph Le Bleu crossed the Cowlitz river bridge under the drooping fir and cedar whose boughs were heavily laden with the late summer's dew. Ralph rode with a heavy heart, for it had come a time for him to decide a vital question.

The question had kept him awake the night before—many nights, for that matter—and he was going to settle it to-day. He dreaded it. He had reason for dreading the task.

While he had not cut such a big swath in the world's affairs, he, at least, had lived clean. But it was not like old Isaac Walland to recognize any effort a man put forth until the man had proven his mettle. A man must have acquired a certain amount of wealth to establish himself on a par with the Wallands before he could enter the Walland family. And they for generations had been recognized in the South and West as social equivalents, if not leaders, of the upper class.

Lela, although a modern girl with modern ideas, would hold to the aristocratic ideas that a Walland should never marry a man who was not of equal social rank—unless he was of some worth financially. At least that was Ralph's idea of how the thing would work out.

All the vitality in Ralph Le Bleu tugged at his heart. He felt as if he wanted to yawn, to stretch, to run a race. He hardly knew how to shake off the awesome feeling. It was awe inspired by a community leader who held the whip hand—like Walland.

RALPH rode slowly, watching his faint shadow, made by the feeble rays of the sun which were breaking through the smoke from the customary forest fires. He watched the liquidlike dust spread from his horse's hoofs. His horse turned toward the Walland ranch of his own accord and led along the private road and in the direction of the big corral.

As he rode through the woods, Ralph noticed a sudden tightening of his muscles, an aching in his chest and tried to take his mind off his mission by noticing all the details of the place—but they were all too familiar already.

Large drops of dew fell from the leaves of the soft maples, connected with the moisture on other leaves, and coming in contact with the watery coating of still more leaves, continued to pour on the foliage below, and by the time the spray was below the branches it became a veritable pattering shower.

Pine squirrels, gathering their winter supply

of the maple seeds, darted away at the approach of Ralph's sorrel, and, scaling trees at safe distances, sent back daring challenges to the intruder.

As he came into sight of the Walland ranch-house his mind whirled with uneasiness. He wished it were all over, yet he was afraid for it to be over.

He could picture Lela in her blue silk dress, delicate throat bare, the natural waves in her dark-brown hair, and her attracting smile, that made him just want to look at her forever.

With prickly tingles gouging his spine he reached the orchard. There were the prune trees, loaded to their utmost with the now ripened fruit, the typical western Washington farm orchard: a mass of sod beneath the bended trees, which were little cared for, their south sides covered with moss and their self-pruning process exhibiting many dead branches about the large limbs.

HE saw the family car out in the front of the house, apparently ready to make a trip. He spurred up a little. His dread renewed itself tenfold. His legs tensed. He could not ride naturally. And that's what he would most of all like to do.

(Continued on page 9)



A mile out of Elkhorn, Kinsley swept up onto the wild-riding girl.

Lawless Range

Molly outwits Hector Kinsley and Quig breaks up a lynching party—but the outlaw vigilantes are still triumphant

By Stephen Payne

THE STORY SO FAR:

ELKHORN Basin had been a peaceful community of small ranchowners for years—then overnight pandemonium broke out. A rancher was hanged to his own gate-post. "This man deserved his fate," a note said, pinned to his body. It was signed "Vigilance Committee."

A second, and a third rancher were hanged. Others were warned to clear out of the district or suffer a like fate. Who were these vigilantes, and why were they killing innocent men or driving them from their homes?

Those were the questions young Jim Quigley, a cowboy from Wyoming, was asking himself. He had come to Elkhorn Basin in response to a telegram from his friend, Nels Anderson. Quig arrived too late—to find Nels hanged by the vigilantes, and his young son, Bud, an orphan. Quig arrived in time, however, to break up the lynching of old John Rockwell, the finest man in the district.

Next morning Quig met lovely Molly McMillan. She was running her small ranch alone, fearful but determined to fight the vigilantes. Her working brother, Norman, had received a warning from them and deserted her. While Molly was giving Quig breakfast, Hector Kinsley rode up to her ranch. Kinsley was a newcomer to Elkhorn Basin—big and dominating; several times he had asked Molly to marry him.

"What is this vigilante doing in your kitchen, Molly?" Kinsley demanded. He gave Quig no time to question or explain; he tried

to kill him. Quig escaped.

Later in town, Quig was denounced by Hector Kinsley as a vigilante. He escaped lynching by the furious Elkhorn ranchers only through the intervention of Sheriff Langford. Molly was certain that Jim Quigley had been framed by Hector Kinsley. But why?

The next morning, while Kinsley was sleeping, Molly crept into his room at the hotel and searched his pockets. The information she found proved that Kinsley himself was leader of the vigilantes, planning to drive every small ranch-owner out of the district and seize every ranch for himself. But as soon as Molly reached her own room, Kinsley was at the door.

* * *

IN her hands, Molly McMillan held evidence which would send Hector Kinsley and his henchmen to the gallows. Evidence which Kinsley would do murder in order to recover.

However, she would never give that evidence up. Swiftly she concealed the notes, the tablet, and the wallet about her clothing while desperately looking for a means of escape.

"You, Molly!" snarled Kinsley's voice. "I know you're in there. I know what you've done. Open, or I'll bust the door!"

But Molly was at the window, raising the lower sash. She was out of the window, hanging to the sill with both hands.

Crash! Kinsley had hurled his body against the door. The flimsy lock gave way. He pitched forward headlong into the room. Mol-

ly saw this. Then she dropped.

She landed squarely on her feet, sprinted along the alley and thence by other alleys to the livery stable. Of, if only she could be sure whom she might trust in this town, who would back her hand against Kinsley's. Flight was the thing now. If she could just win to the hills, and winning, find Quig!

Already she heard boots thumping on the plank sidewalk. Men coming on the run. Frantically she ran to the back part of the stable and reached the stall holding her own pony, Patch. A wild thought flashed through her mind. Where could she hide those notes, the wallet, the tablet? She had to keep Kinsley from getting them—if he caught her. The manger? No, that would be the first place Kinsley would look.

Molly backed Patch out of the stall, leaped on bareback. The evidence, all of it, was suddenly in her right hand. She thought of a place to hide it, and as an amazed Patch shot out of the barn, Molly's right hand reached upward to place the tablet, the wallet and the penciled notes on the dusty cross-beam above the stable door.

Kinsley, one of his cowboys and Fred Tait had just popped around one corner of the stable. All three bounded forward to stop Patch. The agile little pony eluded them, however, dashed onward while Kinsley belatedly, "I'll get you!"

It seemed to Molly, fairly flying out of town to the sheltering hills of her own range-land, only a moment before the three men

were hot on her trail. The race was as swift as little Patch could make it, but it wasn't for long. Those fellows were riding far better horses than Molly's pony.

A mile out of Elkhorn, Kinsley swept up onto the wild-riding girl. Black rage distorted the man's features until he looked like nothing human. He caught Patch's bridle, yanked the pony to a halt. Savagely he gripped the girl and tore her from her mount. Then he leaped off himself, held Molly with one hand and searched her with the other. Tait and the cowboy came thundering up.

The H K cowboy said: "It seems like I done right, boss, to tell yuh I seen her in yore room."

"You did, Flip," grated Kinsley. He glared at the girl. "Pretty clever, ain't you, missy? Where's that stuff you stole?"

Molly's knees were shaky. She knew her face was as white as paper. She said nothing, but her thought ran: "Here's a good time to try some feminine strategy." Then she pretended most realistically to go into a dead faint. Kinsley let her slide to the ground. He ripped out an oath, and growled to Tait:

"I'm satisfied the stuff ain't on her. Who's got it? Where is it? . . . Got to find it. Got to see it never gets into Langford's hands. Those papers would expose me. They'd be my death warrant. Death warrant of a lot of us. This is just plain hell!"

"I don't quite savvy, Chief," Fred Tait returned.

"Damn it," raged Kinsley. "This hussy got in my room, picked my pockets—the thief. Tait, she found evidence that—Well, it'd be a bombshell that'd blow our scheme all to hell!"

He didn't seem to know just what he could do, and Molly, lifting her drawn eyes, leaved the least fraction, enjoyed his baffled confusion.

"He'll Snap out of it!" shouted Kinsley, gripping her shoulder fiercely.

"That's the way with women," he snarled. "They pass out on you just when you're trying to scare something out of 'em. Damn it all, something's got to be done. Boys, I'll hustle back to town, to look for that evidence, to answer questions from folks who might have seen this unusual race."

"I'll be watching everybody, and I believe if any man has got this stuff the girl stole I can tell it by the way he'll act. How I wish I knew whether it was hidden or passed on. . . . Well, you two fellows get the truth out the girl, later, when she's come to her senses again. And listen, you're not to let her get away under any conditions."

"I'll send two more men out to help you, so there'll be enough of you to stop any rescue stuff. I'll have 'em bring the girl's saddle. Wait until after dark, then take her to Rustler Bill's barn—that stone stable in Ghost Hollow. I'll settle with the little hell-cat for this, about tomorrow night. Oh, but won't I!"

MEANWHILE, out in the hills, Jim Quigley was in a fine state, not knowing which way to turn next when to do. So far he had eluded pursuit, but he had done nothing and could do nothing in the fight against the vigilantes. If only he could know who they were!

He thought of Molly and gnashed his teeth with helpless rage. What was happening to her while he roamed the hills and did nothing? Suddenly he heard the "yip-yip-yowie!" of a coyote, coming from the brush to his right. Instantly Quigley's range-attuned ears detected a false note in that coyote's cry.

Quig flipped out his Colt, glancing here, there, everywhere. He was tense, alert, on guard, ready to run or to fight. "Pard, don't shoot!" called a high-

pitched voice. "It's just me." And as though by magic, young Bud Anderson, in his floppy black hat with the bullet hole through its crown, his checkered jumper and overly large overalls, appeared.

Quig shoved his gun back into its holster, feeling extremely foolish. "Where's your horse, kid?" he demanded gruffly. "What you doin' out here? Thought you were safe in Elkhorn."

"Aw, don't be a-bawlin' me out," returned the freckled lad, carefully assuming "I ain't no town jake. I told Molly why I jus' couldn't go to Elkhorn, an' I'll tell you if you want to listen. I've taken to the hills, I have. I'm ridin' the owl-hoot trail by my lonesome. I am. Yuh 'pear to be doin' the same thing . . . Say, come on back with me and meet ol' John Rockwell. The three of us can lick these vigilantes, if we join up together."

THE boy led the way on foot while Quig followed him up the hill with his bay horse. There they found old John Rockwell on top of a rock pile, using an ancient telescope to look about the country. When he sighted the two, the range veteran descended from his look-out with surprising agility, and Quig felt his hand gripped in a gauged fist hard as iron. Rockwell's deeply furrowed, leathery face was stubbled with several days' growth of blackish-grew whiskers. Snow white hair strayed from beneath his tattered hat. From under shaggy and bristling grey eyebrows a pair of piercing, steel-gray eyes peered intently at the cowboy.

"Feller, you look all jake to me," he announced at length. "I wasn't knowin' who the hell-bill I could trust fer sure in this country what's gone wild. 'Course I could trust Molly an' Bud, and now—Well, I'm tarnation glad to see you, Quig. Bud's told me you helped Molly out considerable, yesterday, and he said besides as you're the mysterious rannie that saved my old neck the night of the thunderstorm."

Quig: "That was a kind of an accident," said Quig.

"I sure owe you plenty for that shootin', Quig. I got to thank you for it. Since then I been layin' low, but trying to cut sign on who is back of all this dirty work. What can you tell me?"

With this invitation Quig told his story. "Langford's a square-shooter," he concluded, "and I know he's done the best he knows how. So is Maxton, his deputy. We can bank on those two, for it's a cinch they're not in with these unknown vigilantes."

Rockwell shook his white head helplessly. "We're stumped all right as yet," he opined gloomily. "Let's separate. There'll be less danger of gettin' caught if each of us work alone. By coverin' different ground one of us may get a hot scent. See you 'bout to the south? We'll meet in the brushy gully just under its west edge after dark tonight."

The cowpuncher's forehead was creased in worried thought. "I don't feel right about Bud ridin' all alone," he remarked. "Aw, heck," scoffed the kid, lofly.

"I'm better at scoppin' 'n' ridin' any man yuh ever seen. I'm a reg'lar injun, I am."

"And that's the truth, too," agreed Rockwell. "Young Bud's got the instincts of an Apache trailer. Raised right in these hills, motherless at three, batchin' ever since with his dad and shiffin' for himself. Ridin' the roundups with the cowboys afore he was six, afore he could crawl a hoss with-out help. Callin' hisself a man at twelve and claimin' powerful close to bein' one. He knows every trail in the Basin, and I'd rather bank on his gettin' wise to what these damn hellions is up to, gettin' wise to who they are, than bank on any man I can name, Langford included. You needn't worry 'bout Bud, Quig."

(Continued on page 13)

Now Ready
The BUYING GUIDE of a Million Women
Larkin CATALOG!

SAVE real dollars. See the lovely new Edna May Dresses priced as low as \$1. See the widely celebrated line of Larkin Products and the hundreds of valuable Premiums. Read about the Larkin Co.-Home Clubs with its 50¢ payments that fit the housekeeping budget.

Invest one cent wisely. A postcard brings you your free copy of the new Larkin Catalog.
Larkin Co. Inc. 658 Seneca St. BUFFALO, N. Y.

Pain-Relief

FOR PROMPT PAIN-RELIEF

So pure and accurate is St. Joseph Aspirin that it even exceeds the rigid standards of the United States government. And because it's pure it's full of strength and pain quickly. Demand St. Joseph Aspirin . . . wrapped in moisture-proof cellophane. Ask for it by name.

World's Largest Seller at 10¢

St. Joseph GENUINE PURE ASPIRIN

BIKE GIVEN WITHOUT COST!
A motorcycle with as the wind! Fully equipped. Get it, a Mickey Mouse watch, and 300 more of the best things without cost. Earn CASH, too! It's easy! Deliver 5 new magazines to customers in your neighborhood. Boys 12 yrs. or older, write TODAY! We'll start you at once! Hundreds of boys earn money and prizes every day. You can do it, too. Besides, you will be acquiring business training and a White Star.

Jim Thayer, Dept. 527, Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio

GIANT GUARANTEED SWEETS
All this jewelry is yours for selling 15 Neckties at the sack and returning \$1.50, or, choice of many other Premiums. Write for special, prepaid, no-risk, 100% profit terms. Everywhere Weekly Co., Dept. 25, Greenville, Pa.

High School Course in 2 Years
You can complete your High School education at home—in 2 years or less. Complete course in 2 years. High credit for H. C. students. Write for special, prepaid, no-risk, 100% profit terms. American School, Dept. H-620, Drexel St. 8th, Chicago

ART for THE HOME Beautiful Plaster Reproductions of great masterpieces. Our Free Art Catalog will show you how to find pleasure and profit in coloring them. Special discount on 100% profit terms. ARTIST SUPPLY CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

Glas-Glo Make Money for Your Society. Everyone buys Glas-Glo, concentrated window cleaner. \$5 and 50 cents. Many excellent home uses. Write for special, prepaid, no-risk, 100% profit terms. Send for trial bottle—enough for 100 windows. Glas-Glo Co., Dept. G-10, Phelps, N. Y.

U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS!

START \$1260 to \$2100 Year

Mr. Wm. Reed Gets Immediately. Common education usually sufficient.

Mail Coupon Today FREE

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. B-334, Rochester, N. Y.
(1) 32 page book with list of many U. S. Government War Pay Jobs. (2) Tell me how to get out of three jobs.



Hours of Opportunity

Radio's popular amateur programs are unlocking the mystic door to fame and fortune for many a talented beginner

Youth, for a long time, has been singing in doleful tunes: "I-I-I Never Had a Chance!" Yet on every side of us do we see constant evidence to the contrary. In almost every field—in business, in education, in art—we find those already "arrived" lending a sincere hand to the youngster at the bottom.

There is the realm of radio and show business, for example. Consider the radio amateur hour today, dedicated solely to give a dignified opportunity to unknown talent. Then look back a generation ago, when all a budding vaudeville genius got for his pains was an overly ripe tomato or a hook in the neck.

Station WHN in New York inaugurated the original Tuesday night Amateur Hour on March 28, 1934, just a year and a half ago. That hour, with the genial and kindly Major Bowes as its guiding spirit, has brought recognition to a great number of young artists; it has given a real chance to many thousands. Today, with Jay Flippen as its master of ceremonies, it is still the favorite Tuesday night entertainment for many thousands of families in the metropolitan New York district.

Anna Anderson, who now sings on the Sunday morning program of the Capitol family, was a WHN amateur winner; Joe Martin, another winner, is now playing all over the country on the Loew circuit with marked success and dreams of glory in the future; Nancy Clancy has been on the regular staff of

WHN artists ever since her success on an amateur hour many months ago.

Winners of Major Bowes' Sunday night amateur hour and of Fred Allen's Town Hall hour are given the later opportunity of touring the country in vaudeville units.

To hear the stories of individual amateur success is to believe again the story of Cinderella.

There was lovely Doris Wester, for example, the eighteen-year-old girl who sang on one of Major Bowes' programs. One of the executives of Rockefeller Center was listening in that night—the result was that Miss Wester soon became a featured soloist with Ray Noble's orchestra in the Rainbow Room.

On one of Fred Allen's Town Hall programs, a simple, white-haired man got up to sing. His name was David Hughes; he had worked in the quarries in Vermont; he was the father of six children. There was no work in the quarries, and the family was living on relief. Friends and neighbors chipped in to pay his carfare to New York because they loved his voice. So did everybody who listened in to

that amateur hour. He won by an overwhelming vote. As a winner, he was booked for a week at the Roxy Theatre in New York, at a substantial salary. He lived in luxury at the Roosevelt Hotel. One Saturday night, he had been living on a meagre relief pittance; the very next Saturday he was a sensation in New York, with people crowding around asking him for his autograph.

But for that amateur program, David Hughes would probably still be an unemployed quarry worker, living on relief. Today he is touring the country in a vaudeville circuit, earning a good salary, living in good hotels.

Recently, when Uncle Jim Harkins was master of ceremonies on the Town Hall program, a young Italian girl came for an audition. She was only seventeen. She was given an audition before the regular program, as are all amateurs. Uncle Jim was astounded at the beauty of her voice. He called up some wealthy friends and asked them to listen in to the Town Hall program that night. So delighted were the friends with the voice of this young girl, that the very next day they offered to finance her studies for grand opera. A girl—young, unknown, poor, one week—the next week, being prepared for the Metropolitan opera—for fame and fortune and romance.

(Continued on page 18)



Above: The first Town Hall unit of winners on tour is greeted on the steps of the State Capitol at Concord, N. H., by Governor Bridge (third from left). The white-haired man in the center of the group is David Hughes, Vermont quarry-worker.

Top of page: Major Bowes (center of picture) with a typical Sunday night group of amateurs.



Above: Jay C. Flippen, master of ceremonies for Station WHN's Tuesday night amateur hour.



Above: Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa of the Town Hall program bring spice and good humor (though Fred Allen doesn't look it) to a splendid amateur hour.

Left: Uncle Jim Harkins of the Town Hall hour with two recent winners: Jean Rowe, stenographer, and Yvonne Jafne, who won top honors for singing the blues.

What Will You Do With \$5,000.00 CASH if YOU WIN it?



RUSH ANSWER—WIN!

Hundreds have already won in previous campaigns . . . often when least expected. In fact, we already have paid over \$80,000.00 in huge Cash Prizes and Awards. NOW it's your opportunity. Only one answer accepted from a family. Use your own name. You must be over 16 years of age and reside within the Continental U. S. You will receive \$300.00 if, in the opinion of the Judges, yours is the best answer to this question. "What Will You Do With \$5,000.00 If You Win It?" Answers must be mailed not later than November 30, 1935. Construction, spelling, neatness, or incertitude not considered. Judges will consider answer only for practical value of the idea. Duplicate Prizes will be given in case of ties.

Just Send Answer to Qualify for the Opportunity to

WIN \$5,000.00

Some say I am wrong. They say that awarding money to people will not help to bring back prosperity. They say that the people who get money from me will spend it foolishly. Now I want YOU to tell me what YOU would do with this Fortune if you obtained it. Someone is going to get \$5,000.00 All Cash . . . why not YOU? Just tell me now, in 20 words or less, what you would do with this Fortune, and you will be qualified for the opportunity to win \$5,000.00 (including \$1,000.00 for promptness) in final cash distribution, details of which will be sent at once. What an amazing opportunity for YOU! Rush your answer to me . . . SEND NO MONEY . . . just tell me what you will do with the money if you win the \$5,000.00 to be paid to some man or woman—and YOU may be the one to get it!

ERNIE MILLER, Prize Manager

Department PA-79R H-O Building Cincinnati, Ohio

I WILL PAY \$300.00

JUST FOR THE WINNING ANSWER TO MY QUESTION!

RIGHT NOW, \$5,000.00 (including \$1,000.00 for promptness) is waiting to be paid to some wide-awake man or woman—just like YOURSELF—who answers my announcements. YOU may be the one to get it! But before announcing the plan for awarding this Fortune, I'm offering \$300.00 for the best answer to my question, "WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH \$5,000.00 CASH IF YOU WIN IT?" Just tell me in a few simple words (not more than 20) what YOU would do with this Fortune. That's all you need to do toward winning the \$200.00 Cash Prize! Can you imagine anything simpler, easier . . . or faster? The first answer that comes to your mind may win.

20 Words OR LESS Win \$300.00

Nothing More for You to Do! Costs nothing to win! Nothing to buy! No selling!

You can't possibly lose anything. This may be YOUR chance of a lifetime. Simply tell me what YOU would do with \$5,000.00 if YOU win it. You get \$300.00 just for the winning answer, and sending an answer immediately qualifies you for the opportunity to actually win \$5,000.00. That's more money than most people save after a lifetime of hard work.

Think, What You Would Do With \$5,000.00

Would you pay off your debts—buy your own home—new furniture—new clothes—start a business . . . or invest in a farm? Just think of all the things you could do with \$5,000.00. Plan now—then write your answer. Rush it to me at once. Yours may easily be the winner.

\$100.00 EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS

I will add \$100.00 to your Prize, making a total of \$400.00—if yours is the winning answer and you mail it within 3 days from the date you read this announcement. So don't delay. Nothing more for you to do now or ever toward getting the answer prize and qualifying for the opportunity to win \$5,000.00 Cash, \$24 other Grand Prizes. Not just one—but HUNDREDS will win. In fact, EVERYBODY taking an active part in this prize distribution to be announced WILL BE COMPENSATED IN CASH. Think now, what you would do with \$5,000.00. Write your answer and rush it to me at once. SEND NO MONEY!

Use Coupon—Mail in Envelope or Paste on 1c Postal

YOUR PRIZE COUPON MAIL TODAY

ERNIE MILLER, Prize Manager,
Dept. PA-79R, H-O Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.
If I win the \$5,000.00 Prize, I will use it as follows:
Write your answer plainly here in a few words (not more than 20) —

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

All New Skin In 3 Days!

Read Free Offer!

Visible Pimples and Blackheads, Freckles, Ugly Large Pores and Surface Wrinkles Disappear!

It is all explained in a new free treatise called "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS" which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion or signs of aging if your outer skin looks soiled and worn. Write to MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. 156, C.C. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive this new treatise by return mail in plain wrapper, postpaid and absolutely free. If pleased tell friends.

Use Hanson's Magic Corn Salve

Oldest and Best

Guaranteed. Send 15c for full size box to W. T. Hanson Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

WHY BE FLAT-CHESTED?



Try my new VERMUS CREAM Method to increase breast measure 1 to 4 in. Wonderful for sagging, sagging, scrawny neck and round arm, undeveloped (firm, wrinkle and crown). To continue you will need 25¢ generous 30-day treatment for 25¢. Money back if you are not amazed with results! ROSE MILLER, Box 1271-G Birmingham, Ala.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, at hand hair. Save soap and color, your hair at the same time with new French discovery "GAIASPO-COLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent waves and curl. Free Booklet, Monroe L. F. Valley, Dept. 51, 254 W. 31 St., New York

BOILS? AIN GRANDMA!



Let Gray's Ointment Aids in relieving the pain and discomfort of Boils—Minor Skin Irritations—Abscesses—Superficial Cuts—Burns and Minor Bruises. Passes skin 15¢. See at all drug stores. W. F. Gray Co., Nashville, Tenn.

GET TALLER

If you desire to increase your height, send name at once absolutely free copy of How to Increase Height in 10 DAYS. American Height Association, 276 High Street, Dept. A, Holyoke, Mass.

MOLES

and warts removed from face and body, safely, quickly, at home. No pain or blemish. No acid. FREE information. Write: NEFF LABORATORIES, Dept. 90-A2, Saginaw, Mich.

FREE COSMETICS

And up to \$10 worth supplying trade, salons, hairdressers with latest cosmetic creams, powders, perfumes. Hand made line formerly obtainable only in exclusive beauty salons. Write for plan. 14-15, 1439 LEXINGTON, Stamford, Ct.

BEWITCH OTHERS!

Makes them love you. World's most powerful love control. Be sure other women's private methods (confidential). Get new charm. Bawling book, introducing you to new power, only 10¢ (refund). Gardin Co., Box 352, B. C. A., New York.

REAL BARGAIN PRICES

Magazines Are Good "PALS" GENTLEWOMAN

(two years) and a choice of any four magazines \$1.00 for 1 year each

ONLY \$1.00

American Poultry Journal

The Country Home

Cloverleaf American Review

Everybody's Poultry Magazine

The Farm Journal

Good Stories

*Needlecraft

*Women's World

*Note—You may substitute Household Magazine for either Needlecraft or Women's World if you so desire.

Don't delay—send your order today.

THE GENTLEWOMAN MAGAZINE

154 West 14th Street, New York



MAKE-UP IS AN ART

Miriam Hopkins, starring in the new color production, "Becky Sharp," reminds us of the importance of natural beauty

BY CLAIRE COURTNEY

With the filming of the all-technicolor motion picture, "Becky Sharp," a new note in cosmetics has been struck. With the camera picking up actual colorings, down to the last detail, there can be no more "theatrical" make-up used to make beauty where it is not.

Eyes too heavy with mascara might have looked subtly shadowed in the black-and-white film, but in natural color they would look coarse and garish, as they are. Lips outlined in carmine stand out by contrast in black-and-white photography, but in natural color the actress who is too richly rouged will look artificial rather than artistic.

"In *Becky Sharp*," says Miriam Hopkins, who plays the title role, "you will see the players in natural color, as they appear in real life, with the enhancement of make-up applied by skilled artists. Notice the natural and charming effects achieved. Every woman can achieve this same natural effect for herself by working patiently in front of a mirror with a good strong light."

Of course, daylight is the perfect light by which we can see our make-up as it really is. Under the harsh, pitiless light of day, our skin stands out in all its beauty—or in all its defects, as the case may be. If our powder does not blend with our skin coloring, daylight will reveal the fact to us; if our rouge is too orange in shade, or too purple, by daylight we can discover the error.

Nature, Miss Hopkins points out, is the most skillful make-up artist in the world. If, however, she has failed to darken our eyebrows and lashes sufficiently, then we can augment her work—but only if we follow the color scheme she has outlined. Face powder should always be blended to match one's skin tone. In order to get the right shade of rouge, rub the cheeks vigorously with a piece of ice to bring the color to the surface, then match that color. Lip rouge should be a shade brighter than the tone used on the cheeks.

In accentuating the eyelashes and brows, one should be careful about making sharp contrasts. There is no beauty, for example, in black brows and lashes with very blonde

hair. There are varying shades of brown for the fair-haired person.

No item of make-up should be obvious. Neither the eyes, lips nor cheeks should strike the eye individually, but the entire make-up ensemble should be like a lovely picture with no sharp divisions.

Take a lesson from Becky Sharp, Miss Hopkins advises. In the early nineteenth century, the day of Becky Sharp, cosmetics were horrible and sinful. Women who used them indelicately were ostracized. But because rosy cheeks helped to attract the opposite sex in that day as in this, there were girls who took the daring and desperate chance.

And Becky Sharp, the heroine of Thackeray's famous *Vanity Fair*, was one who took the chance. For her own reasons, Becky wanted to attract men. She used every device that came to her hand to make herself more attractive, more alluring than she already was. She used cosmetics—but Becky was an artist.

Behind the locked door of her drab little room, Becky applied her rouge. She used a rabbit's foot, for there were none of the helpful aids to beauty that we have today. But with that rabbit's foot, Becky Sharp did a far more artistic job than do most of her more modern sisters today, with all their scientific equipment and limitless variety of cosmetics.

Becky knew that harmony is the keynote for good make-up. A glaring, vivid make-up terrifies a man. There is nothing so helpful as shrieking artificiality on the face of the woman of his desires. Rouge smeared on until it stands out like a setting sun on a sea of grease—vampire lips that look as if they were streaked with a paintbrush—eyes so heavily shaded with green and purple that they look like the shadows of Doomsday—all these accents of artificiality are vulgar and repellent.

Make-up that is obvious and overdone is for the foolish woman—the amateur; it will frighten away the very admirers she hopes to attract. But make-up that is artistic—well, take a lesson from Becky Sharp. When it came to attracting the opposite sex, Becky knew her onions . . . and her cosmetics.

Fighting Spirit

(Continued from page 3)

He noticed the large, comfortable chairs on the porch, heard the radio through the window, and noticed a movement of the hammock in the lawn under the large fir. It was Lela!

She came running to him in all her beauty. He dismounted and took her in his arms.

"I've got an idea, big boy," she said holding onto his hand, "you and I will stay at home and not go with the folks to church to-day. I'd like to just have you alone." Her large, brown lashes fell over her frank, innocent eyes.

"Just what I want, too," affirmed Ralph, hitching his trousers awkwardly and feeling less of the twitching dread, "because."

"Because why?" she asked, urging him to finish and smiling beautifully.

"You know your folks don't have the same ideas of life as . . . as . . . as we who were born out here in Washington, Lela."

"What do you mean, Ralph?" she inquired with a puzzled glance as they sat together in the hammock, apparently afraid it had to do with something that would distract their close relationship, which had existed since they were very small children.

JUST then Isaac Walland led the procession of the family out the door and toward the car.

"I'll not go to-day, Daddy," smiled Lela pleasantly.

Walland stopped suddenly when he saw his daughter's attitude. It seemed to be a signal for him to let off steam. He pointed a finger at his nineteen-year-old daughter.

"Lela, do you mean to throw yourself away? Do you mean to ignore all the customs of the Wallands? Do you aim to fall beneath your standing? Do you intend to throw yourself away on somebody who isn't worth enough to support you? Have you lost your mind entirely? Don't you know that the Wallands have always been people of wealth?" he asked menacingly. Then suddenly he stopped and dropped his head only to continue in a tone that might have been interpreted to carry the quality of potential apology.

"Of course, I don't know anything about Ralph that would make him objectionable, except that he could never keep you in the luxuries that you are used to and that he hasn't, having no mother, had the opportunities of being brought up in the highest refinement. Those are the things to think about, Lela. You should have a man who is a fighter, a business man, a man with mettle. A fighter! A man who's hard to lick."

"Oh, Daddy, please." And Lela burst into tears at her father's oration, intended to be a lesson for Ralph.

Ralph sat stiff-backed and stared into the face of Isaac Walland. Walland turned and walked toward his approaching wife, taking her back to the car. Ralph continued to stare at the social and financial king of Klickitat prairie. His blue eyes brightened, his brow wrinkled, his face showed determination. He put an arm about Lela as if to protect her. Then he was angry at himself for not saying anything to Walland.

THE family drove away. Ralph's hand fell from Lela's shoulder as she arose and went out on the grass, where the sun's faint rays brightened the dew-dipped lawn, and pitched on a small rug, sobbing.

Ralph sat dazed, puzzled, and angered. His question was answered. He had not had the opportunity to even put the question to the raving Walland. He had not

(Continued on page 11)



**MEN
WOULDN'T
LOOK AT ME
WHEN I WAS
SKINNY**

but...

**Since I Gained 10 Pounds
This New, Easy Way
I Have All the Dates I Want**

NOW there's no need for thousands to be "skinny" and friendless, even if they never could gain an ounce before. Here's a new, easy treatment for them that puts on pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh—in just a few weeks!

Doctors know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on pounds of firm flesh—in a very short time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal, good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, IZONIZED Yeast, is made from special cultured ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

If you, too, are one of the many who simply need Vitamin B and iron to build them up, get these new IZONIZED Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness. Skin clears to natural beauty, new health comes—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and run-down you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new IZONIZED Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of IZONIZED Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, IZONIZED Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 408, Atlanta, Ga.

Posed by professional model

Slim-Sleek-Secure

Thus we characterize the new Fall clothes. The newer lines continue to slenderize; skirts are a little shorter, and there is more fullness in front. Clothes in general are better in tone because women have tired of shoddy cheapness and come to realize that quality material and good workmanship make for economy in the long run.



G2381

G2381

By
PRISCILLA PAGE

G-2381. Simplicity and dignity mark this all-occasion dress. It is shown in dark green corded celanese crepe for an early Fall dress; it is equally smart in sheer woollens. The front panel is slenderizing, and graduates out toward the bottom to provide the new front skirt fullness.

Designed for sizes 12 to 20 years, 30 to 42 inches bust. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material.

G-2315. The shirt-waist type dress continues to be an all-important number. In this style we have the new back fullness, which provides ample room and comfort in motion. Thus for housework, for gardening, for golf, this is a splendid model.

Designed for sizes 34 to 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

G-9513. All young girls love button-down-the-front dresses. They're easy to get in and out of, easy to launder and easy to make. The shoulder fullness from under the deep yoke is a good idea for a young girl's dress because it is graceful and flattering to the growing child inclined to be all angles.

Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.



G2315

G9513

Fighting Spirit

(Continued from page 9)

said a word. The situation was even worse than he had anticipated. He crossed to the sobbing girl.

"Lela," he said soothingly.

"Oh, I love you so, Ralph, and Daddy . . . oh, he's so . . . unreasonable. You'd make a living for us, wouldn't you?"

"I wouldn't ask him for a dime, I'm sure of that," Ralph snapped firmly. He sat staring at his checkered socks—seeing nothing. Some people were born rich. They think no one else is any good. A fellow had to have prominently social parents or be rich to get a start in the world, it seemed. "A man must have fight in him!" Walland had said.

"I knew this was coming," announced Lela, breaking the silence. "I heard him and mother talking the matter over the other night when they thought I was asleep. He said you wouldn't make anything with that old threshing outfit you bought. He said that Del McDermid would break you and that all the threshing in the neighborhood that you could get would not make you two thousand dollars and if you did it would take most of it to pay for the machine. He thinks that Del is the best thresher—that is, he has the best outfit—in the Cowley country. He expects to pay close to three thousand dollars for having our wheat and oats threshed, but of course, Del'll get that," Lela finished hopelessly.

"I don't know about that, Lela. You know the custom here with the farmers is that the first man to set his machine on the ranch virtually has the job—of course, he has to thresh out all the grain on his road. A thresher can't pass up a place. He must take it as it comes and the first man to get the bigger jobs is the one who threshes out his lane of farmers and arrives and set his machine. I've been progressing. I'm really a little ahead of McDermid now.

"You know I've got 'Hoky' on the separator. You know him, the old stoop-shouldered fellow the boys call Hoky because he's always saying 'by Hoky'. McDermid fired him last year for going to get a drink while the machine was running and it happened that a rock went through the cylinder while Hoky was off the machine."

"Yes. I've heard Daddy say Hoky was a fine separator man. He's got the kind of blue eyes," she said enthusiastically. Then wrinkling her brows in thought, her face lit up with enthusiasm again.

"Listen, Ralph, I have an idea. Why not put the proposition up to Daddy that you thresh his grain. That would give us enough money to start on . . ."

"No," interrupted Ralph. "I won't ask him for the job. I'll take it if I can beat Del McDermid to it, but if I can't I'll lose."

"That's the boy," said Lela, holding Ralph's coat lapels and looking into his determined face. "Go after it. It's not the size of the dog in the fight, it's the size of the fight in the dog that wins."

Ralph smiled. "There was one who had faith in him. He'd prove her faith, too."

"How could I help fighting when I have a girl like you standing by me like that?" he smiled.

"Good. If Daddy sees that you can beat a man like McDermid fairly, it surely will make a difference with him."

"It should make a difference, although I don't think he'll ever change his mind about me. I don't think he'd ever want you to marry me, Lela," Ralph countered. And, like all lovers, he did not entertain any idea of giving up his fiancée. "Got to fight, eh?" he quoted mentally. "If that old machine'll hang together I'll show him a fight."

NO NEED TO PAY HIGH PRICES

FALSE TEETH



Thousands of my satisfied customers all over the country know there is *no need to pay big prices*. I graduated from dental college over ten years ago, and since then I have been making dental plates by mail and at my office. I have saved my customers many thousands of dollars. I guarantee you satisfaction or they do not cost you one cent. I make your teeth from your own impressions.

60 DAYS TRIAL

You try them for 60 days at my risk. You must be fully satisfied or I refund every cent. You are the sole judge; I take your word. Only a practicing dentist of long, reputable experience can make such a guarantee.

SEND NO MONEY

Remember, you do not send one cent with the coupon — just your name and address, and we send you free impression material and full detailed directions. My methods insure satisfaction, and save you many dollars. See about my plates before ordering elsewhere.



FREE IMPRESSION MATERIAL AND DIRECTIONS

Be sure to write today for my low prices and complete information. I send free impression material and full detailed information. From these I make especially personally for you well fitting, guaranteed unbreakable, natural-looking pearly white genuine porcelain teeth. Do not buy plates from anyone except a registered dentist. Send for my complete detailed information. Don't put this off. Do it today. Just tear out and mail coupon.

SAVE \$10 to \$50 and more

DR. S. B. HEENINGER, D.D.S.,
140 W. Huron Street, Dept. 938, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your FREE impression material, price list, and full information on your dental plates without any obligation

Name

Address

City State

HERE'S PROOF!

"I received my plates all O.K. and they are nice. You couldn't have fitted me better if I had been in your office."—Mrs. W. W. N., Monroe, Oklahoma.

IMPROVES APPEARANCE

"My upper plate fits so perfectly that I forget I have them on, only when somebody makes a remark about my beautiful teeth. My teeth are wonderful and I will certainly recommend your work whenever I possibly can."—Mrs. D. L. S., Bartlesville, W. Va.

PERFECT FIT

"I have been wearing my teeth every day. They are just great. They are a perfect fit and I am just proud of them. My friends tell me how nice they look."—Mrs. H. P., Houston, Mo.

SLEEPS WITH TEETH IN

"I sleep with my plates 15 minutes after I put them in my mouth. I sleep with them in my mouth, never bothered me a bit."—E. F., Lake City, Colo.

"YOU ARE THE MAN"

"I never had teeth that fit so well. I tell everyone that wants teeth that you are the man."—C. C., Jones Ridge, N. C.

EVERYONE SATISFIED

In one Pennsylvania town alone, 91 people are wearing teeth made by me. They are completely satisfied that they have better teeth and have saved big money.

MAN INSTITUTE

Mrs. Margery Boling

School Lunch

ew sandwiches "just to fill him up" wisely, with a thought to minerals—the result is an alert, intelligent scholar

Old Mother Hubbard Sandwich

(When the cupboard is bare, let it be remembered that any number of tasty sandwiches may be made with eggs—and eggs are bountiful in nutrition.)

2 hard-boiled eggs

Mayonnaise

1/4 teaspoon celery salt

Chop eggs, add celery salt and mayonnaise to moisten; spread on white or graham bread. (Sufficient for 2 sandwiches.)

Buster Brown Sandwiches

(There could be no more perfectly balanced lunch than bran bread with chopped vegetables. Any leftover vegetables may be used, cooked or raw, moistened with mayonnaise. Here is a simple recipe for home-made bran bread:

- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk
- 3 tablespoons molasses
- 1 1/2 cups whole bran
- 1 egg, beaten
- 4 tablespoons melted butter
- 1 cup raisins or sugar dates, if desired.

Sift flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Add raisins or dates. Mix milk and molasses, add beaten egg and pour this mixture over bran. Stir well, then add to flour mixture. Mix thoroughly, and add melted butter. Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven about one hour.

Sinbad the Sailor Sandwich

(Canned salmon is a splendid health food—it contains iodine, minerals, and plenty of Vitamin D to prevent colds. Little boys who get plenty of fish grow up to be strong as fishermen.)

- 1/4 cup canned salmon
- 1 tablespoon chopped celery
- 1 tablespoon chopped cabbage
- Few drops lemon juice

Combine salmon, celery and cabbage and add lemon juice. Moisten with mayonnaise. Spread on buttered white, rye or whole wheat bread. (Sufficient for one sandwich.)

Desserts

Every lunch box should have dessert—a piece of fresh fruit is best of all. Oatmeal, bran or raisin cookies are good. If the child cannot get milk for lunch at school, a cup custard, put in a small mayonnaise or other glass jar with a tight lid, is splendid. Apple sauce or chopped prunes or a fruit whip may be taken for lunch in the same way. Gelatin desserts, with chopped fruits, may easily be carried in a glass jar.

Treasure Chest

On very special occasions, the ordinary lunch box may be transformed into an interesting "treasure chest" by the addition of special surprises: a gingerbread-man cookie; a piece of maple sugar; stuffed dates or figs; marshmallows, or plain sugar candy such as peppermint wafers.

Lawless Range

(Continued from page 5)

"Yuh bet yuh needs't," said the boy, squaring his thin shoulders. "Now, pard, I'll ride close herd on the Flyin' M today. Don't yuh go nigh thar, Quig, 'cause that's where Kinsley an' Doug an' Shag'll be layin' fer yuh. They'll figger yuh want to see Molly. Ke-rect, ain't it?" with a grin.

Quig watched the lad vanish into the brush. "He's sure some kid, John."

"You know it?" The range veteran's eyes were suddenly damp. "Grity as they make 'em, Hardy a whimper outa it!" 'bout his dad. Yet how he does feel it!"

The old man's voice softened and he hesitated a minute. When he spoke again, however, his words were sharp.

"This is what I'm planning, Quig," he said. "I'm goin' to gather up a few ranchers I've known all my life—and if I can't trust them, God knows who I can trust. We'll get together a crowd that will match up against these vigilantes two to one, and we'll be ready just as soon as we know where to strike."

"How'll we ever know that?" Quig asked despairingly.

"Something'll turn up . . . wouldn't be surprised if Bud don't ferret some news out pretty soon." Rockwell's tone suggested his hope rather than belief, yet it was soon to develop that his words were prophetic.

"Anyhow," he added, going for his horse, "I'll get along and we'll meet tomorrow night below that butte—Black Butte, it's called. The best you can do, Quig, is to keep out of sight until we're organized."

The old man rode off, and Quig turned away alone, gloomily.

"Keep out of sight," he muttered. "Damn fine help I seem to be on this range. Useless as a bedbug. The sheriff trusts me but I can't go to town to tie up with him because I'm an outlaw in the eyes of all Elkhorn. There's Molly—alone—and I can't go to her. Wonder what she thinks of me now. Gosh, I'd like mighty much to see her . . . she's the sweetest, the dearest . . ." He began to day dream, and plan out a way to see Molly that very night.

YOUNG Bud Anderson was springing from the security of acrobatic brush on a hillside overlooking the Flying M.

It was mid-afternoon. Not a cloud was in the sky. All the vast rough world seemed tranquil and at peace. The boy seemed the only thing not in tune with the peace of his surroundings. Now that he was alone with his thoughts, he did not try so hard to control his emotions. Tears welled in his eyes, and occasionally when they threatened to cloud his vision, he stopped them with a doubled, grimy fist. "If only I could shoot me a vigilante," he would murmur, "only one—the one as dropped the noose 'round my dad's neck." And then the tears would flow again, marking a path down his dusty cheeks.

Two riders were just drawing up to the Flying M. Bud's eyes narrowed savagely when he saw them. Doug and Shag Wade. A man came out of the house to greet them; it was "Moocher" Ed, a well-known saloon bum from Elkhorn.

Later in the afternoon, Ralph Hempel, gangling, ewe-necked, solemn, came riding in, evidently from town, and Bud stiffened to attention. On the still, clear air he heard voices.

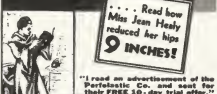
"Lo, Hempel," greeted Moocher Ed. "How's every lil' thing?"

"Fine for us," announced Hempel. "Elkhorns stamped. Ranchers are sellin' out by the minute." Then he lowered his voice so that Bud scarcely caught the words: "Masks. T'night at eleven. 3 X L."

(Continued on page 16)

TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

...at our expense!



WE want YOU to test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere at our expense! Test them for yourself for ten days, absolutely FREE! We are so sure that you can be your stender self without diets, drugs or exercises, that we make this unconditional offer . . .

REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
... or no cost

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

■ Wear next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement . . . stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 389, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

STITCHCRAFT



No. 5358. The height of needlework art is just such a rich lace tablecloth as this one

What housewife has not longed for a rich lace tablecloth for those very special occasions — Thanksgiving dinner, Mary Ann's engagement announcement party, or her golden anniversary? We all have. A hand-crocheted tablecloth is a priceless luxury—an heirloom, to be handed down from one generation to the next.

This one is very simple, in spite of its regal appearance on the table. It is made of string, which will wash and wear and last forever. The design is a beautiful one, inspired by some choice old Italian lace, but very easy to do. It merely repeats one square after another, and joins them together. However, because of the oval workmanship, there is no sense of monotony or repetition, because the squares blend beautifully into a seemingly all-over design.



Each motif is about six inches square, and after one or two have been finished, the design can readily be memorized, so that it makes convenient pick-up work.

For those less ambitious, there are smaller items which can be worked instead of a huge dinner cloth—scarfs in this design are lovely, so are luncheon or vanity sets, pillow tops, etc.

We particularly like the cross-stitch fruit design for the decorating touches they suggest in the kitchen and breakfast nook. Tea towels, of course. And wall pictures, framed with bright red or green or blue frames, for the breakfast nook. Table runners, or tray mats.

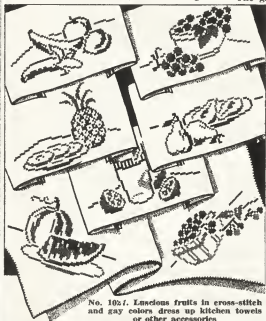
The group includes seven motifs, each one averaging $4\frac{1}{2}$ by 8 inches. The designs are striking silhouettes, in black on white linen, but fascinating when worked in the natural gay colors of the various fruits.

As gifts for autumn church bazaars, or for a needlework raffle at the September county fair, the fruit motifs make interesting individual items.

Wall pictures are very popular—the only real expense is for the frame, which may be obtained in the ten-cent store. The pictures sell easily for fifty or seventy-five cents. One fruit motif is used for each picture, of course.

For dining room pictures, the fruit design is striking on black saten, worked in natural color either with silk floss or woolen yarn.

Moreover, these cross-stitch motifs are very simple to do. We can easily finish one design in an evening.



No. 1027. Luscious fruits in cross-stitch and gay colors dress up kitchen towels and other accessories

Needlework patterns, including detail of stitches, instructions for stamping, color layouts and charts, are ten cents per set. Order from Needlework Dept., Gentlewoman Magazine, 164 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.

Fighting Spirit

(Continued from page 12)

behind. Hoky took care of the steam while they were on the road, saving every pound he could.

It being customary in the Cowlitz country among farmers to give the job of threshing to the first man who set an outfit on their ranches, made the matter a fight between the two threshermen. The Walland ranch was the largest in the country. All outfits tried to win that contract. Isaac Walland had let it be known that his grain was ready to be threshed. That was all he had to do.

Now, Del McDermid and Ralph Le Bleu had kept within tradition of the community, cleaning up everything—so far.

Ralph took the road with a swing that just missed the gate post with its rear trailer by an inch. He looked at the competing threshers. McDermid had shut down and there were several wagons loaded with unthreshed grain about the separator.

Hoky, the bewhiskered hunchback, understood. Hoky's experience with such men had, in his fifty-five years, shocked his meager confidence in men. He would not trust a bank with his money. Nor would he trust any man until the man had proved himself honest to Hoky. He caught his beard in his hand and leaned his warped body against the tender of the old tractor. On his face was a look of disgust as danger combined.

"Darned coyote's quitten' Tucker cold. He's leavin' wheat right on the grounds. By Hoky, he's goin' to try to beat you to Walland's, all right, Ralph." Old Hoky crammed more wood into the furnace as perspiration dripped from his honest face.

"Surely he wouldn't leave wheat right on the wagons," Ralph said as he turned onto the highway.

"Yuh don't know that skunk, Ralph. He'd eat the butter off'n a sick baby's bread, an' then take the bread." Hoky's blue eyes opened wider as he watched the other outfit. "Lookit that! Tucker's tryin' to get him to thresh the rest of the grain an' he— he hit Tucker, smack in the face! Give 'er the gun, Ralph. Let's beat the greedy Scrooge."

Ralph pulled open the throttle of the old machine a little more as he lined out on the gravelled road.

It was necessary to go around the Walland farm in order to enter the threshing stand because of a creek; and a bridge had to be crossed.

"If we can beat him to the road turnin' off to the ranch we'll keep 'im behind us, 'cause he can't pass us easy on that trail," suggested Hoky.

Ralph kept his side of the road and kept his throttle as widely open as he dared strain the old steam engine.

The big machine drew up beside them. Its whistle blew a shriek of victory upon overtaking the smaller outfit. They ran neck and neck for awhile. Ralph, now giving all the steam that his cylinders would take, saw the futility of a race on hard road with such a piratical logging engine. He slowed a little as the big machine swung toward him, threatening to drive him into the ditch.

McDermid pulled on past him into the middle of the road. Ralph kept close behind, looking for a break of some sort. His heart was in his throat. All his hopes it seemed were dashed.

But breaks came in the threshing game. There might be a chance.

Ralph thought of how Lela's fate lit up when she saw that it was possible for him to win the set on her father's place. He thought of the sneer that would be on Walland's face when he failed to beat the
(Continued on page 19)

Wise Women Know



No need to give up health and happiness

TRIAL SIZE ONLY 25¢

If you have tried other methods without success and are skeptical, we will send you a trial size of the Double XX Strength for only 25¢. See coupon. Other women have tried the trial size and are now ordering the full size package at \$2.00 each or 3 for \$5.00 because this new S. P. PERIODIC RELIEF COMPOUND has given them relief and gained their confidence. We suggest that you order a full size \$2.00 package now as we absolutely guarantee satisfaction of this first full box or refund your money. You are the sole judge. You take no risk. Order shipped same day received in plain package, sealed.

GRATEFUL USERS SAY:

I received your S. P. Periodic Pills. I thank you very much. I had missed my period 6 weeks. Within 3 days the period started.—Mrs. P., Iowa.

I received the package of S. P. Periodic Relief Compound and I think they are simply wonderful. I only had to take three tablets. I will be sending another order soon. I would not be without them.—Mrs. A. P., Ind.

I have been having trouble for some time with irregular periods—coming twice a month and lasting a long time. After taking your pills I haven't had any more trouble.—M. B., Ala.

I read all the booklets and I think they are wonderful and such a help to women.—Mrs. E. G., Texas.

I ordered your Periodic Pills some time ago and they brought results. I had missed my monthly period for two months, but I took your pills and in three days the period started.—Mrs. N. R., Ohio.

I have tried one box of your S. P. Periodic Pills and think there is nothing like them. They are just fine. Please send me two boxes to keep on hand.—Mrs. B., N. Y.

I received your trial size you sent me, and have taken them and they helped me. They are sure wonderful pills. I never had any like them.—Mrs. A. N. M., Pa.

Don't be discouraged or alarmed if nature fails you. You can now depend on this wonderful new S. P. PERIODIC RELIEF COMPOUND. Double XX Strength. Often successfully relieves some longest, overdue, unusual, discouraging, unnatural, suppressed periods. Some say magic-like, quick in action without danger, pain or inconvenience. Rely on this wonderful new RELIEF COMPOUND.

It is one of the most successful compounds that often produces the most unbelievable and remarkable results. Doctors recommend it because it is compounded of the best fresh effective ingredients strictly according to U.S.P. Standards.

Thousands of women who have tried many ordinary treatments that failed have had their greatest desire gratified in the satisfying relief given by this wonderful new S. P. PERIODIC RELIEF COMPOUND, DOUBLE XX STRENGTH.

IRON CLAD GUARANTEE

We absolutely guarantee satisfaction with the first full box or refund your money. You are the sole judge—we accept your decision.

SEND NO MONEY

You need not send one cent with your order. Just pay postman when your package is delivered to you. While we are glad to send your order C.O.D., we want to caution you that the Post Office charges small collection and C.O.D. fees for this service. These charges you save if you send money with your order and besides you may be saved some embarrassment because you have to sign for a C.O.D. package. Your money is safe with us because we guarantee satisfaction or refund your money. We have been in business many years and are highly recommended by women everywhere.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

Read what grateful users have to say of the wonderful relief it brought to them in their irregularities, unnatural cases which were long overdue. We have hundreds of praises like these and more arriving daily now.

The new S. P. PERIODIC RELIEF COMPOUND (Pills—"non-toxic and non-foetidal") is quick in action. You owe it to yourself, your health and your happy future to help nature when it fails. Always have S. P. PERIODIC RELIEF COMPOUND on hand. Order a full size package now. Don't be late. Send your order now.

Booklet FREE

Every woman should have this booklet entitled "What a Married Woman Should Know." It will be sent to you absolutely free and, besides, you get like a treat on many of the female troubles in plain wrapper without obligation. Rush coupon.

Don't Be Late — Send Coupon Today

✓ SNIDER PRODUCTS COMPANY,
1434 North Wells Street, Dept. O-49, Chicago, Illinois.
Send me at once your free Hygiene Booklet "What A Married Woman Should Know" and literature. I have checked below what I desire. Remittance enclosed.

☐ If you want to pay postman check here.

☐ 1 Box S. P. Standard X Strength \$2.00
☐ 1 Box S. P. Double XX Strength 2.00
☐ 3 Boxes S. P. Double XX Strength 5.00
☐ 1 Box S. P. Triple XXX Strength 5.00
☐ S. P. Trial Size (Double XX Strength)25

Name
 Address
 Town State
 25¢ cash must be sent with all trial size orders.

Yet the distance between him and the tall man failed to narrow.

Now both flashed into sight of the ranch buildings. There, men on foot were running towards saddled horses; swinging on to them. Hempel yelled wildly: "Ride, fellers! Bunch of men down valley in brush!" Away they went, pell-mell. Quig counted them in the dim light—five, and Hempel zipped in among them.

He sent a few useless shots after them, then turned toward the buildings. He must see if Tom Brooks had been murdered. What a relief it was when he found the tancher, bound and gagged in his own corral, but alive. His family, he stammered, had been shoved into the cellar and the door spiked shut on them.

QUIG quickly let them out, a terrified woman, two young girls and a small boy. The cowboy witnessed a touching family reunion. Small wonder they all were unstrung. Tragedy had been so narrowly averted. They tried to thank Quig, but he was furious with himself for doing so little.

"I had a chance to get all seven of the hellers," he spat out. "Threw it away by not playin' my hand right. Should have rid right in here, wearing the mask I've got. Acted like one of 'em and surprised 'em all."

"Anyhow, you chased 'em off," gasped Brooks. "They planted a note on there in the corral. It was the only warning I had. But I heard one of the masked scoundrels say that the boss was going to claim I was warned ahead of time."

Brooks declared he was going to load his family into his wagon and go to Elkhorn tonight. He'd leave the Basin immediately, if he could sell out. Would the cowboy tie with them and safeguard them on the way to town?

The cowboy helped the girls, the small boy, and Mrs. Brooks into the wagon, then rode ahead of it along the dim road to Elkhorn. The outfit, un molested, moved so slowly that daylight had come before they neared the town.

"Got to say adios here," said Quig, and explained why he dared not be seen in Elkhorn. His eyes were on the distant buildings. Molly was there—so he thought—and how he wanted to see that sweet, dark girl, to be near her, to look into her glorious eyes, and learn from her own lips that she was all right. Well, some day...

Tom Brooks broke into his reverie, saying: "It's too darn bad that Elkhornites has this mistaken idea about you, Jim Quigley. I can tell 'em, truthful—"

"Better keep mum about me for the present," Quig broke in. "You can't tell how the citizens might twist your story."

The young rancher looked bewildered. "I can't see that," he began.

"However," Quig resumed, "if you can get Sheriff Langford or Deputy Marston, either one, off by himself, tell them everything you know." He frowned in perplexity, wondering for the twentieth time why neither Bud nor the sheriff had put in an appearance at the 3 X L.

"O.K. I'll be sellin and leavin'—if I can. None of us can begin to thank you enough, Quig."

"Indeed we can't," added Mrs. Brooks brokenly. "Jim Quigley, I wish you'd run before you get mur—murdered. Oh, it's terrible!"

"Cheer up!" said Quig, almost gruffly in order to hide his own emotion. "Sit right and don't get stampeded. There's goin' to be plenty more hell to pay, but, believe me, the vigilantes are going to do the final payin'."

He spoke with an assurance he did not feel, looked once more at the distant town, and turned back into the maze of hills. The Brooks' wagon rattled on towards Elkhorn.

So he rode again to Black Butte, to wait for Bud and John Rockwell. So far, young Bud had done more for their cause than he, Jim Quigley, had, with all his blundering, so it would be better to see what new developments Bud might unearth during the day.

When, after three hours of careful riding, he did reach the Black Butte, Quig was disappointed at not finding Bud there. The day passed and still Bud did not appear. However, when the afternoon shadows were long and the sun was low to the mountain range came old John Rockwell, alone.

"Lo, cowboy." The range veteran's faded eyes were glowing, his manner much less harried and troubled than it had been. "Lo, John. Gosh a'mighty, but I'm glad to see you."

"I've been all-fired busy, the hull o'ar's night and all day," said Rockwell. "But I've gathered ten good men. Fighin' men, all of 'em. They'll be drifin' in here to this Butte, 'nigher after dark. I came ahead so as to be with you when they begin showin' up so you won't take each other for vigilantes. You hep to anything new?"

"Hep to a good deal," said Quig, and related all that had taken place since he had last seen Rockwell.

The old-timer's eyes opened in amazement. He slapped his leg. "I told you Bud'd ferret out somethin' if anybody on earth could. We owe the kid plenty. . . And you shot Turk Givens, saved Tom Brooks and—"

"And let six skunks get away from me," snorted Quig. "Well, our outfit'll now pick up the Wades, Ralph Hempel and Mocher—Ed. Get them four t'night. . . Any one of the fellows you've got been to town? You hear anything about Molly?"

"She's disappeared from Elkhorn," Rockwell looked very grave. "Course I doubt if she's in any danger," he hurried on; as he saw Quig's face turn grey. "You see, I met up with Langford this afternoon."

"You saw Langford and he told you Molly was missin'?" Quig cut in. "What'd he know 'bout that?"

"Wal, little while afore the sheriff and Marston hit town, two-three citizens saw Molly fog out o' Elkhorn on Patch, bare-back. An' these same fellers saw Kinsley and Tait and an H K cowpuncher haul out after her. 'Twan's long afore Hector Kinsley come back hellity-larup. He sed him and Molly had been havin' a talk, an' the Wades, Ralph Hempel and Mocher—Ed. Get them four t'night. . . Any one of the fellows you've got been to town? You hear anything about Molly?"

"So Kinsley sed he whooped out after her, caught up to her and made her accept the escort of Fred Tait. He sed he was sendin' more men to help her, too, and was sendin' out her saddle by them. Kinsley then ran into the livery barn, where he dug all the hay outa some mangers and pawed through it. Asked what he was huntin', he sed Molly had lost her purse and he think she might ha' dropped it in the manger. Citizens think that explained his actions all jake, for they knowed Kinsley was sweet on Molly, figgerin' to marry her."

"You got all this second-hand from what Langford told you, John?" asked Quig loudly.

"Uh-huh, second-hand, yes'd say evenin'.

I reckon Molly's safe to the Flyin' M."

"Well see 'bout that immigh!" snapped the cowboy. "I don't trust Kinsley the distance I could horse up the vigilantes. In fact, John, atween you and me, and without proof to back up the statement, I think he's in with the vigilantes. Wasn't Turk Givens his foreman?"

"Shore, but that don't prove—"

A Baby In Your Home

Scientists now state that "Complete unity in life depends on sex harmony" and that the lack of it is the one greatest cause for unhappy marriages. Also that every woman "has the right to sex satisfaction."



Get This Knowledge FREE

In my two booklets, which will be sent in plain wrapper, I intimately discuss many important subjects relating to the female sex that are vitally interesting to every woman. They tell how you too may combat your troubles as thousands of others have and obtain again the peace and activities of Nature's most wonderful creation—a normal, fully developed womanhood. Write today. DR. M. WILLI ELDERS, Suite 409-B, 16th and 16th Streets, St. Joseph, Mo.

Free For Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffling while your eyes water and nose discharges continue, don't let this ailment stay at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not allow this to keep you from today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co., 341-W Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MAGNIFIERS

You Need For Your Eyes



I HAVE JUST WHAT YOU NEED

Send for latest illustrated circular, which will be sent absolutely FREE—No obligation. Write today—a postal will do.

Just give your name, address and age—but do it now and send it to:
ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE
747 E. 5th Street, St. Louis, Mo.

15 DRESS REMNANTS
A/so BARGAIN EXTRAS GIVEN 97¢
Gingham, Percale, Prints, Velvets, Chamois, Silks, Satins, Gossamer, etc.
New close goods direct from us at a big saving. Latest assortment. Nearest patterns for dresses. Our finest quality.
SEND NO MONEY We send you a large catalog free. We will send you a large catalog free. We will send you a large catalog free.
2 BUNDLES \$1.99
5 BUNDLES \$2.99
10 BUNDLES \$4.99
EASTERN TEXTILE COMPANY
Dept. R-30, Greenfield, Mass.

LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer? Do something to secure quick relief. Write today New booklet—"THE METHOD OF HOME TREATMENT." It tells about Varicose Veins, Varicose Veins, Open Leg Sores, Ulcers or Piles, Leg Cramps, Leg Pain, etc. Write today. No cost. More than 40 years of success. Prained and Endured by thousands.

LEICE METHOD, 222 E. 10th St., St. Joseph, Mo., Dept. J-34, Milwaukee, Wis.

New Gland Health
Would you like to again enjoy life with renewed strength and health? Do you suffer night risings, pain in back, legs, feet, etc.? Science has made an amazing discovery for you—a new drugless home practice gland treatment. Endured and used by many doctors. Over 100,000 users. Send on trial. 10 days. If you are younger in 7 days, pay nothing. Write for full and entire free booklet. Write for mail post. 10¢. J. KIRK, Pres.
3983 Morris Ave., Steubenville, Ohio

Fighting Spirit

(Continued from page 14)

thrifty McDermid. His men encouraged him.

"Got one more chance, Hoky," said Ralph, smiling against the difficulties. "Our outfit is smaller and we can climb the soft bank inside the lot faster than he can. We've got more traction according to the weight. He doesn't dare leave any of his load. He's got to have it all on the ground, hasn't he, Hoky?"

Hoky nodded. "He's loaded awful heavy. Keep on his heels; maybe we can outgo him in the soft dirt. He's gotta slow down."

RALPH pulled back in the middle of the highway in order to avoid the soft shoulder of the gravelled road. They turned in on the Walland road. Ralph was as close behind the McDermid machine as he could stay with the smaller tractor, ready in case McDermid had to stop for any reason with his long train of trailers on the crooked trail, to make an effort to pass and dash into the threshing lot, where an immense crop was stacked. The boys on the machines were yelling back and forth, cheering and jeering.

There was a splintering, crashing sound, and McDermid's big machine sank through the bridge. Men piled off and were doing all they could to obey the conflicting commands of the angry McDermid.

McDermid cursed the powers that caused his luck. He heaved on a pry here and one there. He showed a man out of his way brutally and failed to do what the man was attempting.

Ralph left his engine and came to the creek bed. He pondered the situation. There was no doubt that McDermid's outfit was in a bad way, but that was the only bridge across the creek—and McDermid had it blocked.

"How d'yuh think yuh're goin' to get through here? Doncha know no better'n that?" McDermid snapped at Ralph, who was watching Hoky, the old veteran of the harvest fields, examining the creek bed near the bridge.

"I've got a right to run for it, haven't I, Mr. McDermid? I didn't leave any unthreshed grain on my last stand to get this far," Ralph answered, then turned to see what his separator man had found out.

As he turned away, McDermid raised a huge fist and landed a heavy blow on the back of Ralph's head, knocking him over the bank into the water. Ralph's men ran to the scene and threatened to attack McDermid. Mac's men showed signs of mutiny. Ralph was up, drenching wet, and smiling wryly.

"Let him alone, boys. He thinks he has to fight somebody in order to get a setting for his machine. I don't want to dirty my hands—just now," Ralph suggested and turned and set his eyes on McDermid.

"It's perfectly natural for a big burly cur with a full-sized yellow streak running down his back to jump onto a fellow and hit him in the back of the head. But I'm not complaining, McDermid. This is no time for a fight."

Ralph turned. Then he looked at McDermid again. His eyes shone fire. His forehead wrinkled, his eyes glinted, sweat burst out on him, he took a step toward McDermid, hesitated; he thought better of it, and went down in the canyon where Hoky was calling him. Hoky had not seen the affair with McDermid.

Hoky showed his employer where once he had crossed with an outfit.

"By Hoky, let's beat that big jackass, Ralph, hun-n-hh?" said Hoky sympathetically. "You're all wet. Didja fall in?"

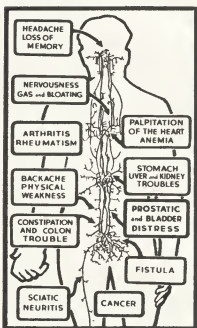
WHAT DISEASES

are caused by

PILES

and other Rectal Afflictions?

These dangerous ailments undermine the health in many ways. Thousands of sufferers from such common complaints as Headaches, Nervousness, Constipation, Dependancy, Loss of Vigor and general "Tired Out" feeling have found the real cause of their ill health to be Piles or some more complicated rectal trouble. The Free Thornton & Minor book explains all these facts... tells how even cancer may develop if rectal troubles are neglected. It is based on 57 years' experience during which time more than 46,000 sufferers have been permanently cured.



Many Common Ailments Disappear After Cause is Removed

If you suffer from any of the disorders on the chart and nothing gives relief—don't neglect your rectal trouble—minor as it may seem—it may be the cause. The new illustrated Book tells of many cases where patients had teeth or tonsils removed, or abdominal operations without benefit—but regained their health when given proper rectal treatment. The facts now may save you from long suffering, worry and heavy expense. Feel free to ask any questions about your own case. There is no obligation and FREE literature comes in plain wrapper.

THORNTON & MINOR CLINIC

Suite 2096, 926 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

CLIP and MAIL this COUPON Today!

THORNTON & MINOR CLINIC, Suite 2096, 926 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me, without obligation or charge, your new Descriptive Book and Reference Literature. I am troubled with ☐ Piles ☐ Fistula ☐ Other Rectal Disorders

Name _____

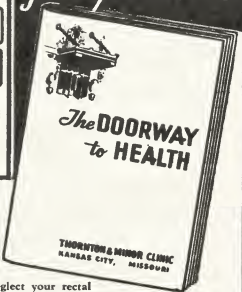
Address _____

City _____

State _____

Please mark X indicating your trouble.

this
NEW BOOK
gives you the facts



FREE Reference List

With the Free Book will be sent you a Reference List giving names and addresses of former patients, with statements telling how they were restored to health without loss of time; hospitalization or the use of dangerous anesthetics.

OPPORTUNITIES

OLD BOOKS WANTED

\$5,000 each will be paid for certain old books (late as 1927) magazines, letters, newspapers. A single school book, story book, old bible, travel book or poetry book, etc., to your home may bring \$10-\$50-\$100 or more in cash! Send 10c for a list of books wanted. Act now! American Book Mart, 140 E. Dearborn, Dept. 312, Chicago.

OLD COINS AND MONEY WANTED

\$200.00 for 1c. We pay the World's Highest Prices for old coins, and paper money. Large Cents up to \$200.00 each, Half cents \$250.00, 1000 cent \$10.00, Indian Head \$100.00, Trade dollars \$150.00, 25c before 1873 \$300.00, 50c before 1879 \$750.00, silver dollars before 1874 \$200.00, gold dollar \$100.00, Trade dollars \$250.00, 1822 \$5 gold \$500.00, old paper money \$24.00, cancelled postage stamps \$12.00, certain foreign coins \$150.00, etc., send time for large illustrated list before sending coins. Romanoconishop, Dept. 571, Springfield, Mass.

1969 Cents \$10.00. Buying all Coins. Send 15c Complete 1935 Catalog. Nationalcoin Company (CS) Springfield, Mass.

PHOTO FINISHING

ROLLS DEVELOPED, 8 prints, oil painted enlargement, also valuable \$2.10 painting, elegant coupon 25c. Quick service. Guaranteed work. Individual attention to each picture. Jacksonville Film, Jacksonville, Fla.

ROLLS DEVELOPED—TWO BEAUTIFUL Double Weight Professional Enlargements and 8 guaranteed Never Fade Perfect Tone prints. 25c coin. Rays Photo Service, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

ROLLS RUSHED! Developed and printed with two Superette enlargements 25c. Extra enlargements for 25c. Nulone, Maywood, Illinois.

8-HOUR service. In at 8AM out at 5PM. Film developed, 8 guaranteed prints, two portrait-like enlargements, 25c. Mid-West Photo, Jacksonville, Wis. (TRIAL OFFER) kodak roll developed and 8 prints for 20c. Nu Close Photo Co., Box 500, Scranton, Pa.

TWO BEAUTIFUL professional double weight enlargements and eight guaranteed over fade prints. 25c. Mays Photo Shop, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

30 REPRINTS 25c. 100 reprints \$1.00. Rolls developed with 16 prints 25c. Nordquist, 26, Maywood, Ill.

36 REPRINTS 25c (trial). Larger orders 1c per reprint. Professional \$2.10 Enlargements 25c. Send picture or negative. Never fade. Maywood, Ill.

FILMS DEVELOPED, any size 25c coin, including two enlargements. Century Photo Service, Box 829, LaCrosse, Wisc.

EIGHT guaranteed prints and two beautiful enlargements, 25c. Perfect Film Service, LaCrosse, Wis.

TRIAL OFFER—Kodak film developed 5c, prints 2c. Moser & Son, Dept. 87, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio.

50 REPRINTS 25c. Film developed 2 prints each negative 25c. Bkstrand, 4118-21 Overhill, Chicago.

HAND COLORED enlargement with each roll 25c. 40 reprints 50c. Colorgraph, Duoling Sta., Chicago.

QUILT PATCHES

TEN CENTS and ten names and addresses of friends, bring gorgeous sample, quilt or pillow and 12 quilt designs—Mill End Co., Dept. 8, Marion, Illinois.

SALESWOMAN WANTED

DEMONSTRATE New Ladies Lock-Stitch Ringless Stocking Quilts Against Rival. No canvassing. Low price. Free literature. Universal Superwear Hosiery, Dept. H-106, St. Paul, Minn.

SONGWRITERS

FAME AND FORTUNE have been made from songs through talking pictures, radio, music publishers. "Hit" writers review, arrange, compose music to lyrics, lyrics to your music. We submit to studios and publishers. Booklet Free. Universal Song Service, 635 Meyer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

COMPOSERS, Verse-Music. Brilliant opportunity. Write immediately. Vanburo, 43 McClurg Bldg., Chicago.

WANTED: ORIGINAL POEMS, songs, MM Publishers, Dept. OW, Studio Bldg., Portland, Ore.

SONGWRITERS "Real" opportunity. Write today. Wendell Givens, Suite 1102, 210-5th Ave., N.Y.C.

STAMPING NAMES

MAKE \$21 A 100 Stamping names on keychains. Sample & Instructions 25c. Kietage, Colver, N.Y.

McDERMID's men were busy with jacks and prys, trying to obey the commands of McDermid, who heaved on prys and strode up and down, booming orders that he knew could not be carried out—and watched Ralph Le Bleu.

Ralph stepped into the cabin with a glance at his men.

"What do you say, boys?" he forced a little laugh. "Shall we try it?"

"Shoot, boss, we'll hold 'er," they shouted in unison.

Ralph carefully let the machine down into the canyon. Then he crossed the rocky creek bed and started up the opposite side. The incline was steep and the dirt was soft.

He turned on all the power he had and the wheels dug into the soft ground of the bank. He was about half way up the hill when he heard an ominous, grinding sound, and Ralph groaned aloud as the tractor came to a sudden stop. "Stripped," he said. Then his eyes flashed in sorrow, partly in anger and partly in anticipation. His fists closed. He jerked out his handkerchief and wiped the sweat from his brow. Despairingly he looked at Hoky.

THE men had gathered around and were observing the driving gears that were ground to pieces. Ralph turned to Hoky again. Hoky seemed to be more stooped than ever.

"Hoky," said Ralph, "how much time would it take you to remove the driving gear off Daddy Foss's old machine?"

"Bout two minutes if I was there," said the veteran harvester. "It was just my idea, too, by Hoky."

Then Hoky squinted at McDermid's outfit, and, grabbing a couple of wrenches and a hammer out of the tool box, he climbed onto a pony which the boys unhooked from the water wagon, a buckskin, wearing harness.

It was just a mile to the machine where he intended to procure the gear wheel. The buckskin seemed to fall into the fighting spirit of the emergency with the great mechanic who clung close as the horse ran. He went away like a racer, neck stretched forward, tail out straight.

The other machine was cocked up in front. The bridge was being built under the front end. The jacks were set under the rear axle, and two men were screwing them up. They would soon be out if they got action for the rear wheels.

Ralph's boys had the wheel off and the broken particles of metal out of the gears which would mesh with the substitute gear.

Ralph walked ahead to pick a trail for the machine in case he was able to get it out of the predicament before the competitor's machine rolled.

He did not see Isaac Walland, who had been reading a newspaper, and, in the maze of excitement at the bridge, had walked out to the fence and was looking on in apparent amusement. Neither did he see an anxious face against the window glass upstairs in the large Walland house.

He wondered if Lela saw the mess he was in. He wondered, too, if Hoky would return in time to do him any good. It was agony to wait, but that was all he could do. He had a route planned.

SOON the buckskin came into sight. He rounded the corner near the creek and Hoky held on only by pulling on the reins with both hands. The horse sailed into the creek and stood trembling in excitement as Hoky tossed the gear into Ralph's hands.

"By Hoky, that'll haul 'er. Here's the key. Shove 'er on, boys."

Ralph, glancing from the corner of his eye, observed the situation on the bridge where he could hear McDermid's boom-

ing voice. He climbed into his cabin just as McDermid entered his. McDermid was watching Ralph slyly. Yelling at his men to get the job finished and to do a good job of it, Mac stood nervously in the cabin as he saw that Ralph's outfit was shaping things for another try at the steep bank.

The men ran to the wagons of the Le Bleu outfit and pushed on them when Ralph gave the signal and the machine climbed slowly to the top of the bank. The boys were yelling and whooping when they noticed the big machine crawling out of the debris which had been the bridge.

But their own outfit was slightly ahead. That did not mean much just there, however, to the big machine.

McDermid left the road and veered toward Ralph's outfit until he crowded it farther from the road and then turned his own engine toward the gate. They were running neck and neck again. Ralph Le Bleu's machine was falling a little behind.

Ralph had been driven out of his course and into some stumps, and by the time he had pulled back into the road the big machine had swung ahead. But when the McDermid machine drew into the threshing lot it slowed up because of its weight and the narrow traction surface of its wheels in the softer dirt.

Ralph opened up. He gained on Mac. He had extra time on his wheels for soft dirt.

ISAAC WALLAND stood ahead with outstretched arm, showing where the front of the engine should be to make the set. Lela who had been watching the race, ran forward when she saw Ralph gaining.

Two steam engines were roaring with all their power. Gears groaned harshly. Emergency cylinders shot sprays of black oil. Men's necks stretched as they strained to see the outcome.

Lela crowded past Jerry in the cabin and slapped Ralph on the shoulders. Just then Ralph threw the emergency cylinder into action, shooting a spray of cylinders which covered them. His engine leaked. It trembled. The separator rocked. The men pushed. The old engine pounded as if all the bearings would rip out. It gained!

"You're gaining, Ralph! Keep it up!" screamed the girl, and, pounding her lover on the back unconsciously, she kept screaming: "Go hard Ralph; you're gaining!"

Ralph, straining every effort of the old machine, was gaining, but was about three yards behind. This was neck and neck racing. Ralph could see his machine gaining. He was creeping up.

But smiling grimly, he shook his head as McDermid's machine stopped even with Walland's, hand-leaving Ralph half the length of his engine behind. It drew up to the line indicated by Walland's hand.

McDermid nodded to Walland who nodded in return. Then Mac turned to Ralph.

"Ye will buck me, will ye?" he sneered truculently. "Lots of 'em's tried that a'ready."

Lela was tugging at Ralph's shoulder. "Does that mean anything, Ralph?" she questioned, pointing to three of McDermid's men who were tugging at a wagon which McDermid's outfit had left at the bridge. The wagon had either come uncoupled or had been left intentionally, to lighten the load.

Ralph chuckled a little when McDermid looked at him with anger. "McDermid jaw sagged. Walland turned. Ralph's men gave a yell.

"You're set, Ralph," Lela shouted victoriously. "One of his wagons isn't here. His whole outfit isn't set."

AT that moment a horseman rode through the gate behind them. "Mr. Le Bleu?" said the rider, descending from his mount.

"Yes."

"I must reach your outfit to satisfy a note against it."

With his slow eyes holding steadfastly on Ralph, Del McDermid chuckled victoriously.

"Who owns the note, Sheriff?"

Lela wrung her hands in wonder. Walland looked on coldly. Ralph's men, taken aback after so near a victory, exchanged questioning glances.

"The note is held by Mr. Del McDermid here," replied the sheriff. "He asks that I collect the full amount or tie up your machine."

Ralph's heart stopped a beat only to resume with increasing rapidity. Lela put her hand on his shoulder.

"Full amount!" Lela mumbled aloud and staring straight into one of the large stacks of grain. The man who took the note had told him he could take his own time paying for the threshing. McDermid had tricked the man into selling him the note. That meant ruin. Hoky edged around the sheriff's horse and his honest blue eyes found Ralph's studious face.

"Is there no way, Sheriff, that I could say you part of it and wait till I thresh this set? Then I could pay you all of it easily." Ralph took off his black cap and ran his fingers through his hair.

"The note calls for fifteen hundred dollars in full. If you want to make a different arrangement with Mr. McDermid..." McDermid laughed.

"I don't want to attempt to deal with Mr. McDermid. Here is nine hundred dollars..." Ralph looked at Lela. "I might mortgage the outfit for six hundred and still be set," he said in a low tone. Hoky stood with his hands in the big bib of his overalls. His blue eyes were dancing. First he set them on Ralph, then on Lela.

WALLAND and McDermid had been engaged in conversation. Ralph racked his brain. Tears came to Lela's eyes. Hoky was fumbling with a safety pin in the front of his overalls. He brought out a leather bag that looked plump.

"Here's six hundred, Ralph," he said, walking up to his employer. "Yuh can pay me back when this set is finished. Let's thresh."

Again McDermid's jaw sagged.

"I could kiss you that, Hoky," whispered Lela as she patted his stooped shoulder.

"So could I!" shouted Ralph, taking the money in one hand and grabbing old Hoky's gnarled paw in the other.

Lela jumped into Ralph's engine and roared the whistle, announcing the setting.

"That settles the matter, I guess, Mac," said the sheriff who had done his duty, handing over the fifteen hundred dollars to the owner of the note.

Lela jumped off the machine and caught hold of her father's suspenders and pulled him toward Ralph, who stood talking to Hoky.

"How's that for fighting spirit, Daddy?" she laughed assuredly.

"You're all right, Ralph," said Walland, extending his hand. "I've got to congratulate you. I regret what I said yesterday. You have the spirit I like. You could have engaged in a fist fight with Mac over there across the creek, but you were above anything of that sort."

Lela put her father's hand in Ralph's and threw an arm about the neck of each of them.

"I always thought you'd like each other," she said joyously as McDermid's big engine chugged its way toward the broken down bridge.

"OPPORTUNITIES"

AGENTS WANTED

CHRISTIAN CARD BOX ASSORTMENTS sell on sight. Big money for Men and Women. Everything "going wild" about our Christmas assortments. Cost you 50c—sell for \$1.00. Write now. Samples on approval. Silver Swan Studios, 154 Kansas Street, Dept. 36, New York.

IF YOU NEED MONEY—here's a genuine opportunity to make \$42.50 a week at once. Operate grocery business from your own home. I send everything; no money risk. Automobiles given as bonus. Details free. Albert Miller, 9043 Glenhurst, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BIG COMMISSIONS selling personal Christmas cards and stationery. Extra bonuses. New 21 folder \$1. Christmas assortment, 100% profit. Free album and box on approval. Wallace Brown, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., Dept. 202, New York.

MAKE MORE MONEY taking order Shirts, Ties, Underwear, Dresses, Hosiery, Raincoats, Jackets, Pants, Uniforms. Write quick. Nimrod Company, Dept. 59, 4922-28 Lincoln Avenue, Chicago.

CHRISTIAN CARDS, Sell 50 assorted Leatherette folders, name imprinted, \$1.00. Highest Commission. Samples Free. Dunbar, New Brunswick, N. J.

100% PROFIT. Sell new 21 all-folder \$1. Christmas assortment, 10 other best selling money making boxes. Extra bonus. Samples on approval. Write Schwar, Dept. 129M, Westfield, Mass.

NEW CLEANER—Cleans Everything. Premiums. Sample free. Besco, 5009-A, Irving Park, Chicago.

QUICK MONEY selling colored hair straightener. Free samples. Valmore, 5249-LC Cottage, Chicago.

BULBS

BURPEE'S DAFFODILS—5 guaranteed bulbs (value 30c) for only 10c; 50 bulbs for only \$1.00. Postpaid. Large and medium trumpet varieties. Write Burpee Bulb Book, free. W. Atlee Burpee Co., 817 Burpee Bldg., Philadelphia, Penn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

START BUSINESS resilvering mirrors, refinishing metal, plated articles, autographs, tableware. Free literature. Immediate investment, portable club. A friendship letter society for ladies and gentlemen. Members everywhere; confidential introductions by letter; continuous and dignified service. Established 1922. Sealed particulars free. Evan Moore, P.O. 688, Jacksonville, Florida.

DEODORANTS

SCENTED DEODORANT. For armpits, trial bottle 10c. Binco, 526 West Broadway, New York.

DOGS

HUNDRED Hunting Dogs. Medicine. Supplies. Catalogue Agents. Kaskaskia, A70, Herrick, Ill.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

YOUR OWN HOSIERY FREE of extra charge and up to \$20 in a week. Amazing opportunity with new Soap-Proofed Hosiery which doubles wear. Tremendous market. No experience needed. Permanent work. Samples Hosiery free. American Hosiery Mills, Dept. R-54, Indianapolis.

\$15 A WEEK and Your Own Dresses Free for demonstrating latest lovely Fashion Frocks. No canvassing. Write fully. Give your size and color preference. Fashion Frocks, Dept. K-1019, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SEND HOME SIZE FOR SAMPLES and opportunity for \$20 a week. Job. Supply sensational guaranteed hosiery to friends. Dignified part-time work. Everything supplied. Wilkitt Hosiery, Desk K-16, Greenfield, Ohio.

MARRIED WOMAN to give away free samples quality hair cream and make customers. Up to \$3 in an hour. Easy. Actual samples free. Send no money. Write Blair, Dept. 431-J, Lynchburg, Va.

EARN MONEY home embroidering for reliable company. Everything furnished: No canvassing. Knitose stamp. Write Angela F.—Hoboken, N. J.

NINETEEN (\$15.00) Dollars weekly—wearing and demonstrating thrilling new styles line, no canvassing, investment. Give dress size. Dept. R-38, Hartford Frocks, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ADDRESSING—Mailing Circulars, at home, for Mail Dealers. Earn \$15 weekly. Stamp brings sample. Wilson Company, Dept. G, Long Beach, Cal.

ADDRESS & MAIL Circulars For Mail Order Concerns. Earn \$15 weekly. Send Stamp for details. White Co., Dept. G, Northampton, Mass.

TYPISTS EARN EXTRA MONEY. Good pay. Send 3c stamp for details. Typist's Bureau, Dept. J, Westfield, Mass.

ADDRESS Envelopes at home spare time. \$5-\$15 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamp for particulars. Hawkins, Box 75-B, Hammond, Ind.

ADDRESS Envelopes for Advertisers. Earn \$10-\$20 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Stamp brings details. Adams, Box 514-A, Cleveland, Ohio.

EARN MONEY HOME Address envelopes, do sewing, other work. Send stamp to details. Women's Aid, Dept. G, 276 High St., Holyoke, Mass.

WOMEN EARN MONEY DO EMBROIDERY. Good Earnings. Send Stamp for details. Berkshire Shops, Vernon Street, Springfield, Mass.

FROG-RAINING

"**RAISE FROGS FOR FUN**"! We supply stock and buy what you raise. Backyard pools start you. Write for FREE frog book. American Frog Canning Co., 140-S, New Orleans, La.

HELP WANTED—INSTRUCTIONS

\$105-\$175 MONTH START. Government Jobs. Men—women. Prepare now for next announced examination. Common educational background. Particulars—list positions. Free. Write today sure. Franklin Institute, Dept. B53, Rochester, N. Y.

GET FREE COPY of our questionnaire—find out what Government Jobs paying \$105-\$200 monthly you can qualify for (Men—Women, age 18-34). No obligations whatever. Write Instruction Bureau, 165 St. Louis, Mo.

FURFURT JOBS available \$125-\$175 monthly. Cabin. Hunt, trap, forest. Quality immediate. Write Rayson Service, B-28, Denver, Colo.

MISCELLANEOUS

LONESOME? Find yourself a sweetheart through America's foremost matrimonial correspondence club. A friendship letter society for ladies and gentlemen. Members everywhere; confidential introductions by letter; continuous and dignified service. Established 1922. Sealed particulars free. Evan Moore, P.O. 688, Jacksonville, Florida.

LONELY HEARTS. Join our Club. World's Greatest Social Correspondence Bureau. Meet new people. Correspondents everywhere seeking "Congenial Mates". Many wealthy. One may be your life. Photos, descriptions free. Standard Club, Grayville, Ill.

LONESOME? I have a sweetheart for you. Join the Star Correspondence Club. Members everywhere. (Confidential). Some Rich. Particulars free. LOIS L. REEDER, Box 549, Palestine, Texas.

LONELY? Write for free descriptions of people desiring correspondence. Marriage. Many are wealthy. Strictly confidential. Box 6, Pekin, Ill.

LOVE-HAPPINESS-SUCCESS. Free. 3 questions answered and personal help for your problems. Send 10c silver for character analysis with birthdate. B. Tossana, Box 911, Chicago.

Losey? Join a national church organization, sure to have best selection for you. Stamp and age. Rev. Joseph P. Box 2459, Kansas City, Mo.

LONELY??? "Fidelity" contacts congenial souls. Information (sealed). Box 128-2, Tillin, Ohio.

GET ACQUAINTED CLUB—Established. Reliable. Members everywhere. (Many Wealthy). If Lonely, write Box 1251, Denver, Colo.

LONESOME? Book of photos and descriptions of wealthy eligible bachelors. Free in plain wrapper. The Exchange, 14-3827 Main, Kansas City, Mo.

LONESOME? I have a sweetheart for you. Write today for free photos and descriptions. Martin Rowan, Box 1497, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

LOVABLE LADY, with money craves romantic sweetheart. Gladys Fore, G-Club, Oxford, Fla.

MAN, romantic, has money wants nice sweetheart. Please write. Club-55, Oxford, Fla.

HIDDEN SECRET, Startling, Strange, uncanny. Real money free. Yod World, Oxford, Fla.

Announcement Regarding the Autograph Game

The autograph charts entered in the Gentlewoman Autograph Game, which closed August 19, are now being judged as rapidly as possible, and as there were such a large number submitted, it will take

quite a few weeks before the judges' decision can be arrived at. However, watch the coming issues of this magazine for further information and announcement of the winners.



But, happily, Shirley Temple's parents are modern.

There is the matter of dancing. Almost as soon as she could walk, Shirley started dancing. It is part of her life—this impulsive means of expressing her joy in rhythm. Music has always made her happy, and she never hears it without keeping time with her tiny feet.

Suppose, however, whenever she started to dance, there had been stern commands of "Sit still, Shirley! Don't make so much noise!" Would her dancing today be so natural, so spontaneous?

Yet there is no suggestion of the "show-off" in Shirley. She dances because she loves to; she smiles because she is happy. Nobody has ever made her self-conscious or all-important by coaxing: "Come, Shirley, dance for Mrs. Jones. Oh-h-h-h, please, Shirley!"

Shirley's devotion to her mother, who is the guiding star of the child's career, is deep and tender. On the set, she obeys instantly and cheerfully. Probably because her mother's commands are not dictatorial; they are courteous, smiling, friendly. They invite a response in the same spirit from her daughter.

Shirley has made her mother promise never to leave her at the studio, no matter who else may be there. One day, when Mrs. Temple was called off the set for a moment, she returned to find Shirley in tears and all work on the picture halted.

In the matter of rehearsing, Mrs. Temple reads Shirley's lines aloud the evening before she is to be used in a scene. Shirley mem-

CHILDREN SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD—

But the mother of Shirley Temple is a modern woman, and she did not follow this old-fashioned rule

orizes them at that time and can run through a whole day without further prompting. The two of them have made a sort of game out of acting, and Shirley loves to play it. Mrs. Temple tells the story to Shirley, just as mothers the world over tell the story of Cinderella to their children, and Shirley's interest is aroused. The rest is just play. That is why her acting is so sincere, so real. When she misses a line or a bit of action, she is honestly and noticeably disappointed. When she cries real tears, it is because she is truly sad and unhappy about the situation as the little girl in the story.

She is a sensitive child—quick to understand and sympathize—thus she can portray depth of feeling beyond her years.

Simplicity is the keynote of Shirley's life. She rises every morning at 7, and when not making a picture, she spends the morning in her backyard and the afternoon studying. When she is making a picture, she studies with a private teacher at the studio in between scenes. Mrs. Temple still tries to include the afternoon nap, but Shirley does not like it. She is a child of action, and it is difficult to get her to rest.

Her diet is very simple. Cereals for breakfast with a glass of milk. Vegetable soup for luncheon, which she loves. A simple dinner. For very special occasions, she is given her greatest dessert desire—"ice cream with gravy on it"—a chocolate sundae.

Shirley was born in Santa Monica, California, on April 23, 1929, the daughter of George and Gertrude Temple. Her father is manager of a bank in Los Angeles. There are two older brothers in the family—George, who is twenty, and Jack, seventeen.

Shirley is 43 inches tall, weighs 43 pounds. Her hair is naturally golden blonde, her eyes are brown. She has a fresh, rosy complexion, and has never needed make-up before the camera.

She is the modern child of modern parents, and we wish our great-grandmothers could see her!

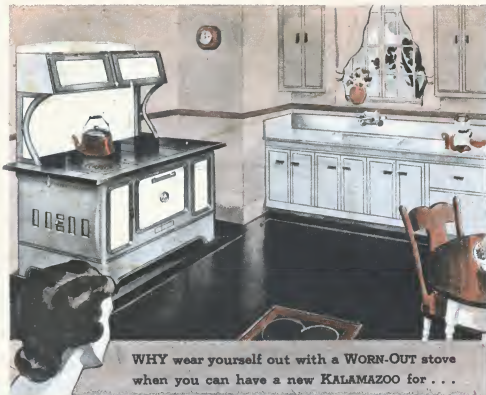


Shirley does this hula-hula "Dance of the Islands" in her picture "Curly Top." Step one, above. The arms are extended and slightly bent. Three steps are taken to the side as the hands sway left to right.

Step two. Shirley's right hand is placed back of her right ear with her left hand extended; and then she turns in a circle with four counts to the right. There is a change of hands and step is repeated to left.

Step three. Shirley places her left foot forward and back and the hands move forward and back with the dance for four counts. She turns and repeats the step on the left side.

Step four. Step one is done over and followed with the hands brought slowly over the head and down in front to the position shown above as a finish for the dance.



WHY wear yourself out with a WORN-OUT stove
when you can have a new KALAMAZOO for . . .



18c a day at the FACTORY PRICE!

Mail Coupon NOW for NEW FREE CATALOG

Your name and address on the coupon brings FREE to you the greatest Kalamazoo Stove, Range and Furnace catalog of all time. It displays over 300 styles and sizes—many in full color—more bargains than in 20 big stores—new stoves—new ideas—new color combinations—new features. It quotes rock-bottom, direct-to-you FACTORY PRICES.

Now the Stove of Your Dreams for As Little As 18c a Day

Easy credit—Easy terms. Kalamazoo quality—FACTORY PRICES. 200 styles and sizes to choose from. Learn how more than 950,000 satisfied customers have saved money by dealing with "A Kalamazoo Direct to You." Find out why Kalamazoo, established over 35 years, is now doing the biggest business in its history. Learn why Kalamazoo can give you better quality at a lower price. Mail coupon for new FREE Catalog!

"Oven That Floats in Flame"

This new catalog tells you about the great Kalamazoo plants, occupying 26 acres, employing an army of men, making nothing but our own stoves and furnaces that are sold direct to you. It shows the scientific Testing Laboratory that insures the highest standard of qual-

ity for every Kalamazoo. It describes the numerous Kalamazoo features; such as the prize-winning "Oven That Floats in Flame," "Ripple Oven Bottom," Copper Reservoirs, Non-Scorch Lids, Enamelled Ovens, etc.

Porcelain Enamel Stoves

In this finely illustrated catalog you will thrill at the new-style Porcelain Enamel Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges, and Coal and Wood Ranges, so beautiful and colorful that you won't be content until you have one for your very own—Porcelain Enamel Circulating Heaters, including the famous Franklin and the new, ultra-modern Century, the handsomest, sturdiest ever seen—Furnaces—both pipe and pipeless. (Send rough sketch of your rooms for FREE plans.) Mail coupon today!

Buy Your Stoves Direct from the Men Who Make Them

Kalamazoo Improvements and Designs are modern, but Kalamazoo Quality is still the good, old-fashioned kind. We still build into every Kalamazoo the same high grade materials, the same fine workmanship that over 950,000 customers have known for 1/2 of a century. We are

specialists, building nothing but stoves and furnaces. When you deal with Kalamazoo, you deal direct with the Factory—direct with the men who actually make your stoves and furnaces. Don't pay more than the FACTORY PRICE—mail coupon today for the nation's greatest stove and furnace guide-book!

What This Catalog Offers You

1. Cash or Easy Terms—Year to Pay—as little as 18c a day.
2. 30 Days FREE TRIAL—360 Days Approval Test.
3. 24 Hour Shipment—Safe Delivery Guaranteed.
4. \$100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee of Satisfaction.
5. 5 Year Parts Guarantee.
6. FREE Furnace Plans.

Address all mail to Factory at Kalamazoo.

THE KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.
621 Rochester Avenue, Kalamazoo, Michigan
Warehouses: Utica, N. Y.; Akron, Ohio;
Harrisburg, Pa.; Springfield, Mass.

**"A Kalamazoo
Direct to You"**



FREE

MAIL COUPON FOR THIS NEW CATALOG

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.
621 Rochester Avenue, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Dear Sirs: Please send me your Free Catalog. Check articles in which you are interested.

Coal and Wood Range ☐
Comb. Gas, Coal and Wood Range ☐
Heater ☐ Oil Stove ☐ Furnace ☐

Name _____
(Please Print Name Plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(It costs only 1c to mail this coupon. Paste or copy it on the back of a Post Card.)